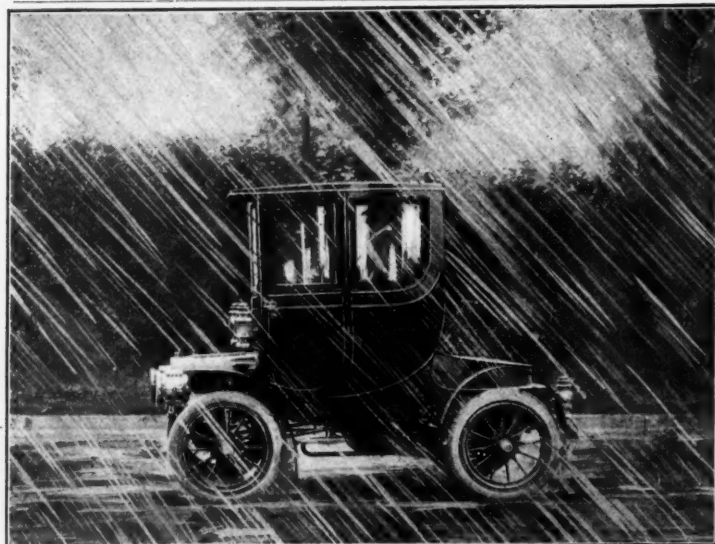


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# LIFE



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# LIFE



THE BOY I LEFT BEHIND ME

## Race Prejudice?

**M**R. WILLIAM H. CORBIN, at a recent dinner of the Chenango County Society, at the Hotel Astor, is reported as saying, among other things:

Another stream of young life is now pouring into the cities. As at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, so now in New York there are Jews out of every nation under heaven, and from heaven knows where. Among them come countless youths, ignorant and dirty, but alert and eager; humble, but with the humility of the gutter and not of the farm. They are crowding the schools and high schools, and grabbing at learning as at something got for nothing, as they would grab for bread; ready to work at the most menial tasks, with the inherited sense of want and necessity; crowding their way up into the professions, to practise them as the merest trades for getting money; working with

avidity, skill and cunning, but with low ideals and sordid practices.

Well, LIFE would never dare to say that, even if he were so wicked as to think it. Mr. William H. Corbin must be an exceptionally wicked, as well as daring, man.

## Ominous If True

**T**HE nearest approach to a credible Jap-Yankee war symptom that has yet appeared is this:

*Special to the New York Times*

CINCINNATI, Jan. 25.—It was stated here to-day that Mrs. Bellamy Storer was to be decorated by the Emperor of Japan for her excellent work in Japanese bronze.

Is it that the illustrious Mikado is not aware of that lady's standing in the List of Undesirables? Or can it possibly be that he does not care!

**T**HE man who asks to be allowed to explain is self-condemned.

**"DE REASON** why Mistah Taft's so poplar," said the old darky, "is jes' becuse he's got so much pusanal magnitude."

There are 20,000 babies starving in New York—*News of the Day.*

**I**F THERE'S a more glaring anachronism than starvation, it's a baby, and it is a nice adjustment of evolutionary forces where one abolishes the other.

## Favorite Quotations from Shakespeare

**T**HE Doctor's: "Fill all thy bones with aches."

The Borrower's: "He that dies pays all debts."

The Prohibitionist's: "I would fain die a dry death."

The Automobilist's: "Seeking the 'bubble' reputation."



"DEAR BUNNY, BE MY VALENTINE"

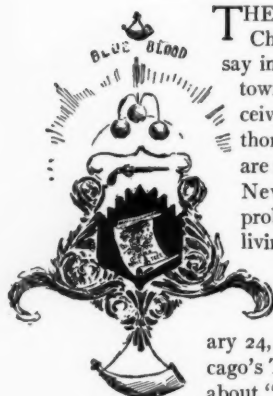




"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. LI. FEBRUARY 13, 1908 No. 1320

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THE reports that come from Chicago of what professors say in public addresses in that town are always to be received with caution, and thoroughly prudent writers are slow to comment on them. Nevertheless, there were probably some germs of the living truth in the dispatch that declared that Professor Barrett Wendell had discoursed, on January 24, to the members of Chicago's Twentieth Century Club, about "The Privileged Classes."

We presume it is also true that he said that the "privileged classes" in this country are not those that include the most prosperous and richest people, but "the despotic laboring classes." We find him also quoted as saying:

The difference between the upper and lower classes is that the upper classes are those who have exhibited the highest degree of ability, worth and character.

Mr. Dana used to declare in the *Sun* that there are no classes in this country. We sympathize strongly with his feeling about that, and it is true that our population is not classified with anything like the definiteness that marks social distinctions in most countries of Europe. We Americans are not all living on the same social plane. There are different grades of us, as well as of Europeans. But our advantage is that the barriers that separate our different grades of folks are low, easy to pass by able or worthy people who go up in the social scale, and no great hindrance to the descent of feeble or degenerate persons who haven't it in them to hold the social place to which they were born. When we permit ourselves to talk about the "upper classes" in this country, we simply mean the more

prosperous people, the distinction made being based almost entirely on the possession or the lack of due means of comfortable support.

What Mr. Wendell seems to have been saying in Chicago is that our more prosperous people are the best people we have. He calls them "absolutely the superiors of the people they have surpassed." Now, in a large sense, that is true, and not only true, but worth saying. Take them by and large, and admitting the necessary thousands of exceptions, our more prosperous people are our superior people; the people most indispensable to our welfare and progress.



THIS interesting fact used to be taken more or less for granted. It used to be accepted that the possession of money, with resulting benefits of education, and of the power and increased opportunity that came from both, was *prima facie* evidence of merit. But nowadays the tendency is pretty strong to regard them as indications of successful crime, and to consider more restricted means and less successfully developed powers as evidences of active virtue. There are influences constantly at work to crystallize the different groups of our people into true classes, and then to set one class against another. The labors of Mr. Hearst and the able expounders who work with him seem to have been considerably efficacious to this end, and on the same job are employed a large part of the energies of such scribes as Mr. Upton Sinclair. The organization of labor, as promoted at present, makes somewhat for the same result, which is a pity. And in so far as these various labors and influences make progress in getting us classified, it is important that it should be appreciated that the class, for choice, that we should all aim to be in, is the upper class. That is the better class of the two; so far, at least, Mr. Wendell is right. In both classes individual differences abound. In both there are good people and bad, wise and foolish, generous and selfish, sweet people and bitter. But the average of brains is better in the upper class; the average of morals—the

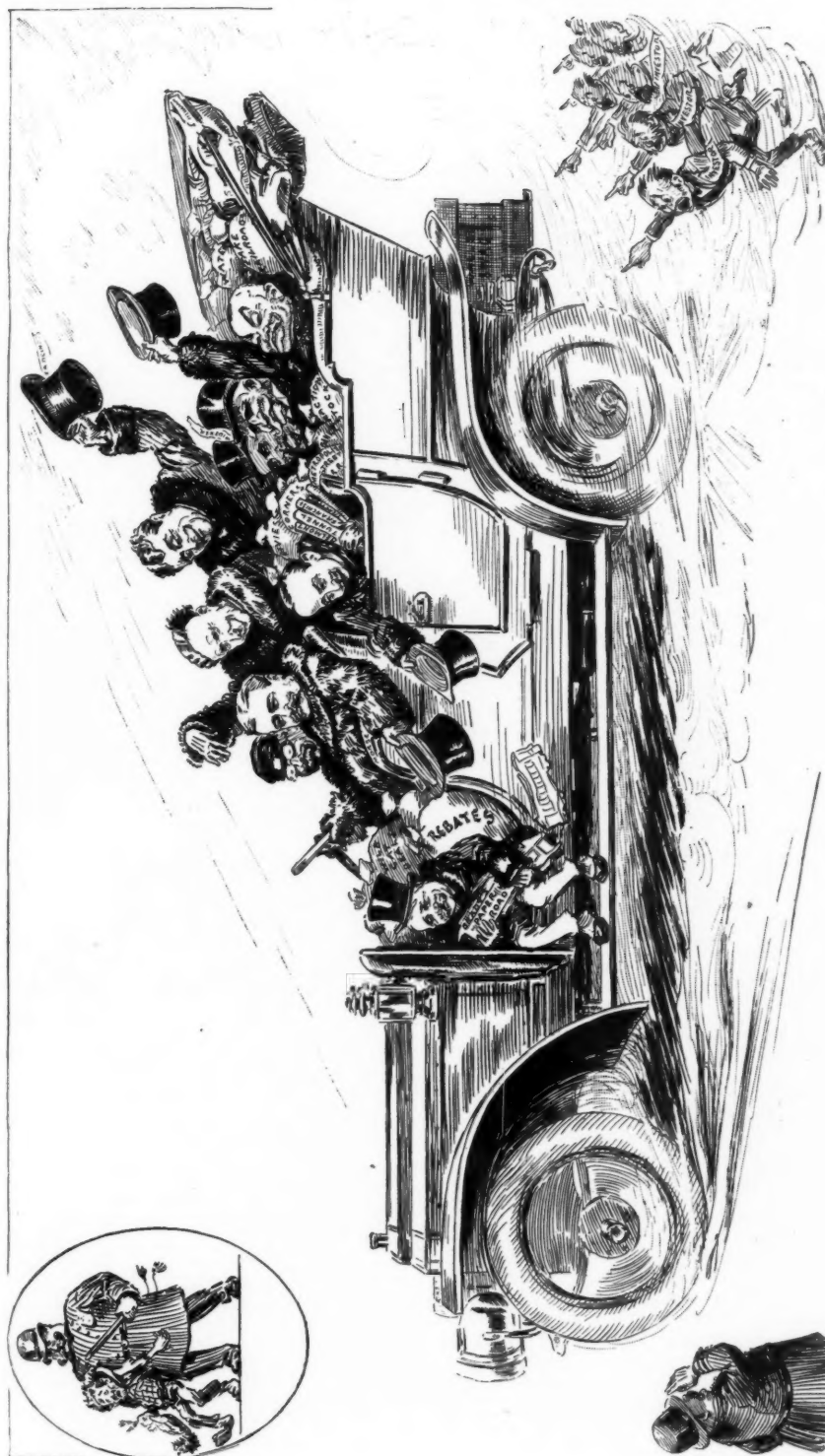
newspapers notwithstanding—is as high or higher, the average of responsibility, education, honesty, and even manners, is appreciably better. You get better company in the upper class, which has the immense advantage in being able to use the lower both as a recruiting ground from which it constantly enlists valuable new members and as a dump into which it constantly drops its unfit.

Try then, by all means, to be in the upper class. It is the better of the two—and what an enormous misfortune it would be if it were not; if social progress was downward instead of upward, and thrift, sagacity, courage and leadership could win nothing in this world that was not equally within the reach of sloth and feeble wits.



THAT venerable and illustrious prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, found recent occasion to remind the women of his church in America that the opportunity of bringing children into this world was one that it was their duty to improve; an obligation not to be shirked without the church's effectual reprobation. It is a well-known detail of the policy of the Roman Catholic church to press this point, and, in doing so, the church gives evidence of its remarkable sagacity in practical concerns. Moreover, the pressure is effectual. Roman Catholic families tend, in this country, to be decidedly larger than Protestant families. The pinch of competition, and especially of immigration, and the rise in the standard and cost of living have a restrictive effect in almost all families, but less effect in Catholic families than in others.

No doubt the Roman Catholic church is concerned about this detail chiefly out of solicitude that the earth shall be duly replenished out of families of its own stripe of piety, but, in so far as it cares to encourage this phase of well-doing in American families in general, it may help it by frowning upon the prejudice of Irish-Catholic women against working in families where there are children. Swedish women (Protestants), we are told, seldom inquire how many children there are in families which offer them employment, but Irish handmaidens, we hear, always do, and are apt to decline the engagement if there are more children than one or two.



COMMON AND PREFERRED

## How Shall the

### Answer Come?

THESE parades of the unemployed are full of promise.

Promise of what?

Not of trouble, because the unemployed, being a highly educated and philosophical class, are always contented. They may be doing some thinking, however, and too much thinking is dangerous. It might be well to send to the countless army of unemployed free copies of the New York *Times*, *Tribune*, *Sun* and other papers controlled by trusted millionaires who assure us that socialism is folly because the goose hangs high.

By the way, if a man with a family cannot get work because the capitalist sees no profit in employing him, what shall he do—he with the starving family?

But this sort of talk “creates class feeling.”

Besides, dinner may be ready.

### From an Editor

THE opinion I hold is one shared in by my associates, that *LIFE* is the cleverest publication in the country. *Bruce Rogers.*

“FROST and his wife are living in restaurants now.”

“How’s that?”

“He wants to break her of the habit of smoking.”

“HAVE you had the grip yet, professor?”

THE PROFESSOR: Really, you must excuse me. I have been so busy I’ve had no time for anything.

THE young like to be told what they don’t know; the old, what they do know.

## Perils of the Great City

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

**T**HERE was once a woman who lived in the remote, rural districts and had never been in New York. In spite of this exclusion from Broadway she yet contrived to exist with every appearance of well-being and contentment and even pronounced herself happy.



Dwelling so far in the country, she had never had the opportunity to become either a clothes or motor maniac. As a method of locomotion, she was satisfied with a springless buggy harnessed to an old, spavined horse, which jogged up and down and never went forward. She was equally satisfied to add to her wardrobe two new gowns a year—one, a Sunday dress for winter, the other a Sunday dress for summer.

The first of June she wore to church a new hat; in late

September she renovated its faded splendors by removing the wilted flowers and fly-specked ribbon and adorning it with black velvet bows. If it were a white hat she washed it first with lemon juice; if black, she gave it a coat of shoe polish. The first of November she donned her black velvet winter hat, with the grebe's breast on the left side. For diversion, she went to church and, as frequently as the occasion offered, to funerals.

Thus she lived her happy, blameless, peaceful life, until one day a near relative died and left her a fortune.

Then the Serpent, as usual, whispered a few pertinent remarks in her willing and adjacent ear, and hardly was the near relative decently buried before she announced her intention of going to New York to do her winter's shopping.

There was none to deter her, no one to speak the warning word, or stretch forth the saving hand—and she went. She arrived in the great city on a bitter day in January. The icy, penetrating wind howled and shrieked about the tall buildings; the air was full of flying snowflakes; the streets were white, or rather dark brown, with snow.

"Ah!" shivered the woman, luxuriously, as she drove at once to the region of the great shops. "This is, indeed, the sort of weather in which to buy the things that I can now afford—the handsome clothes, the rich velvets, the beautiful furs. How I shall revel in them! I"—She stopped suddenly and looked about her with wild, bewildered eyes. What was this—this masquerade of Spring in the flying snowflakes!

The great shop windows were full of crisp organdies, painted muslins, delicate batistes, chambrays and linens. Tulle and straw hats were weighted with wreaths of flowers, festoons of hyacinths, daisies and buttercups. All was April and summer.

The woman put her hands to her head, her face grown white with fear.

"Am I distraught?" she cried, "or have I carelessly mis-



"Am I distraught?"

laid a year of my life? Is it really June and am I the victim of a delusion that it is January? I must end this suspense."

Tottering feebly into the nearest shop, she addressed a tall floorwalker who stood near the door. He may have been real, but he bore all the evidence of the Eden Musée.

"Will you kindly tell me, sir, whether it is summer or winter?" she faltered.

"Winter, madam," he replied, with well-bred condescension. "Organdies, linens, lawns, third section to the left; sunshades in the Annex, just one mile beyond the footwear department."

"But," she murmured, perplexedly, "I came to buy my winter clothes."

He inclined slightly toward her. So might Jove have bent from Olympus to listen to the whisperings of earthworms.

"In New York, we do not care for things in season," he said, loftily, but kindly. "To be desirable, everything from peaches to parasols must be out of season."

"But I came to town to get my heavy things, furs and velvets."

"In January?" he exclaimed, with some show of im-





patience. "Pardon me, madam, if I laugh; but you must, indeed, be from the country. The New York woman who is really up to date orders her summer garments in midwinter; her winter wardrobe in midsummer."



*He inclined slightly toward her*

"But why?" she pleaded. "Why?"  
 "Why?" he repeated, sternly. "How lacking you are in appreciation of the New York spirit! Why, to be ahead of the season; to move faster than the rest of the world. To beat even the earth at its own game. That is why."

\* \* \*

Reader, that woman never went back to the peaceful, beautiful country and the simple life. She remained in the great city, married the floorwalker, and is known to-day as one of the most violent and incurable clothes maniacs in the town.

### Nature's Masterpiece

THE Hughes boom, if it does nothing else, bids fair to put whiskers on their proper intellectual plane.

It has been a long time since we have had in the White House a luxuriant set of genuine home-grown whiskers. Those who are hesitating even now between Taft and Hughes should consider this question calmly and soberly.

One of the reasons why the subject of whiskers, among all other personal characteristics, can be freely discussed is because their presence is a voluntary achievement of the individual himself. He does not have to have them if he doesn't want them. It is, therefore, quite proper that they should not be regarded in the light of a personal misfortune and, therefore, held up against a man. In a large, comprehensive sense they are, indeed, a part of his own selective personality.

We, therefore, look upon Governor Hughes's whiskers in this broad, liberal way. They are his own intellectual achievement, so to speak, and may be properly placed in the same class with his other triumphs. He believes in them, he has the courage to wear them, and he should have all the credit which he is entitled to.

There is also another side of the question which deserves to be considered. While the Hughes whiskers could easily be removed—even though the thought of such a desecration makes us shudder—not every man, no matter how much he might long in his secret soul to do it, could raise them for himself. It may be asserted with entire safety that the Hughes whiskers are born, not made. They have, in the process of time and under the influence of the planets, been evolved, and like other great natural creations, stand alone—a supreme work of art. Every hair of them has been numbered and labeled by Providence, and we believe that Destiny has already in its mind's eye fitted them into their proper place in the White House.

*T. L. M.*

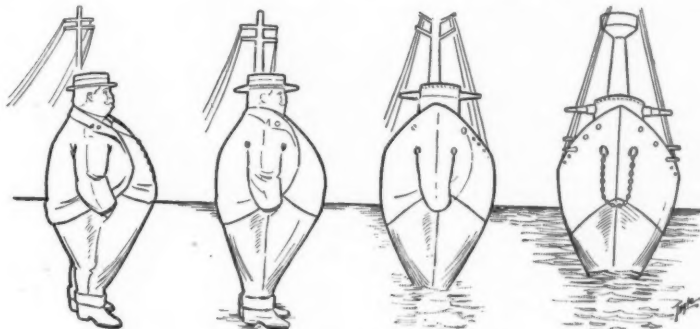
### Happy Jerome

OUR district attorney is reported as saying:

I believe the people of New York County have shown that they have respect for and confidence in me.

Which shows that a man can believe anything if he really tries.

SUCCESS, in the highest, is a great man's manner of meeting failure.



TAFTS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT



Now that New York has adopted the police dog, will he be an exception to the general rule in his upward progress?

### Your Wife and You



TO BUY stocks on a margin is an ordinarily adventurous sport, not without excitement and pleasure when, during the course of an ordinary lifetime, you have earned the money yourself. To lose your money under these circumstances is, however, a dull and uninteresting affair. Having earned it yourself, there is no special merit in permitting it to pass away and if one is of a cheerful disposition, one quickly recovers.

This is a common privilege. But to get out of such an occupation a genuine zest, you should first borrow the money from your wife.

No one, indeed, but your wife, who dwells with you in the secret recesses of your home, knows or realizes for an instant what a master of finance you have suddenly become. It is delightful to have her believe in you so implicitly, as you explain to her how, with a double-riveted caution inherited from a vanishing line of ancestors, you have been waiting for months until things had touched "bed rock." And then, with a loving, trusting smile, as she hands you over the faded old gilt-edged set of bonds that have been in her family for two generations, your eyes almost fill with tears to think how soon it must be when you will pay her—perhaps tenfold, perhaps a hundredfold, for this beautiful confidence.



ON THE FORCE

Forthwith you enter into intimate relations with a broker, a person whom you have heretofore regarded as being a menace to the State, but whom you now come to view as your most intimate friend; indeed, you can scarcely think of him at all without a lump in your throat.

You hand him the good old bonds and request him to buy the "sure thing" you have been watching go slowly down for months, and as much of it as he can.

Later on, when the peanut crop is threatened, when the Paris Bourse has convulsions, when that hitherto irreproachable institution, the Bank of England, begins to go back on its best friends, when there are rumors of war between Patagonia and Crete—when, in fact, certain things happen that the very ablest, astutest, farthest-seeing financiers in the whole country (including, of course, yourself) could not possibly have foreseen, and those good old bonds begin to grow dim and misty in your memory, then the real sport begins. You are plunged at once into all the intricacies, all the vicarious complications, of a double life. Filled with secret shame, you are compelled to pose as a master of money.

If you had your own way about it, you would not be cheerful. You would, indeed, take a certain amount of comfort in not being so. Even this, however, is denied you. For it is really necessary to be a little more cheerful all the time than you have been,

for there is your wife, who thinks you are making money, and there is your distinct pride in having her keep up this feeling.

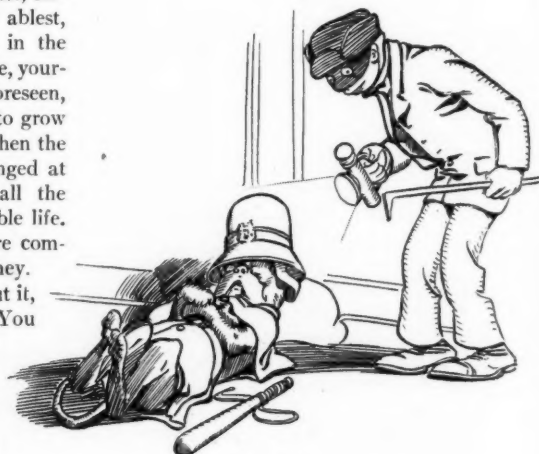
Fortunately, she is a person somewhat uncurious. You congratulate yourself upon the fact that she believes in you so implicitly, and come at last to look upon this as an asset in itself. Thus, in addition to being the ablest financier of modern times, you become also an accomplished actor. There is another name for this, but you refrain, out of courtesy for yourself, from using it.

This new art, indeed, is the only bright spot left. The consciousness that you have acquired it, without any previous training, is the one thing left to console you.

Until one day, out of a clear sky, your



LEARNING THE BUSINESS



ON DUTY





BOUNCED



A BETTER JOB

wife, without the slightest warning, says abruptly:

"What have you been worrying about? I can tell by your manner that something is on your mind."

"Never felt better," you assert, stoutly. But your voice dies dimly out toward the end, and you realize with painful consciousness the supreme difficulty of being able to look her in the eye.

She realizes it at the same time. Hitherto a person of considerable and continuous volubility, she now wastes no words.

"Those bonds!" she gasps. "Where are they? Have you lost them?"

With a show of cheap bravado, you reply with an attempt at bristling which only half succeeds, that you have done this very thing. You explain that every one else has done the same. Indeed, the absolute proof that you are the able man you have stated you were, lies in the fact that you, too, have been fooled along with all the other able men.

But your explanation does not explain. Henceforth you are a changed man. And the worst of it is, that just because you have been so unfortunate and there is real reason why certain economies should be practiced—all this, in some unaccountable manner, only makes your wife feel that hereafter she is privileged to be as extravagant as she pleases.

PEOPLE who work in a rut are easily lost sight of.

### Another Bouquet

LAST week's issue of LIFE, New York, was its twenty-fifth anniversary number. May its years be many more. The paper has done much for clean mirth. It has fought with the weapon of ridicule on the right side in many issues. LIFE has been a power in the war against the vulgarity of wealth, in the crusade against the commercialization of the dramatic art, in the work of mercy towards dumb brutes, in the puncturing of the pretensions of medicine and the skullduggery of law. The little paper has always been a gentleman's paper. It has been vigorous without being vicious in its onslaughts. LIFE's editorials are the pleasantest reading we know, with their balanced judgments and effective insinuation of the paper's own leanings.—*New York Mirror.*



POLITICS



HIS OWN MACHINE

### The New King

A SIMPLE table is my throne,  
I hold a changing Court of four  
(A truer ne'er did monarch own),  
My crown and scepter is *The Score*,  
And they who erstwhile loved of yore  
The hundred fads they vaunted high,  
Cry me allegiance o'er and o'er—  
King Bridge, the only king am I.

All undisturbed I reign alone;  
I make the last new book a bore,  
The latest play a thing unknown;  
I devastate the ball-room floor;  
The whizzing motor car no more  
Can charm my faithful; I defy  
The lure of mountain, sea or shore—  
King Bridge, the only king am I.

What though my subjects oft times moan,  
I take my tax of time and store;  
So zealous in my service grown  
Unheard their famished Lions roar;  
Romance stands begging at the door  
And Conversation turns to fly  
What time I enter in, therefore,  
King Bridge, the only king am I.

### L'ENVOI

Fair dames and gentlemen galore,  
The Great God Chance I typify,  
So at my hands his grace implore—  
King Bridge, the only king am I.  
*Theodosia Garrison.*

There is no such thing as friendship between nations as there is between men.—*Mr. Justice Harlan.*

NO, ONLY such a sentiment as would subsist between men if men went swaggering and swashbuckling about with pistols in their belts and bowies in their boots.

THE straw that breaks the camel's back usually gets the blame for the weight of the whole load.





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WORSER BETTER SELF





A MANY-SIDED MAN



## Africa on the Stage



WE ALL know what Shakespeare did with the African in tragedy. But what would he have done with him in comedy if he could have known the fun-making possibilities of a Williams and a Walker? And the main trouble with Messrs. Williams and Walker is that they have no Shakespeare. They appear to have latent possibilities to inspire better work for a dramatist or librettist than any that has yet been supplied to them.

The entertainment given by these two colored comedians and their supporting company of colored men and women is *sui generis*. It is an attempt at a play under the title of "Bandanna Land." The only distinctive feature of the play is that the plot hinges on a real estate speculation based on a colored corporation's opening a pleasure ground to be utilized energetically by negroes, with the idea that the neighbors will be compelled to enrich the corporation's treasury by buying the property. The carrying out of the enjoyment scheme and the financial entanglements that arise between *Bud Jenkins*, impersonated by Mr. Walker, and *Skunktown Bowser*, by Mr. Williams, furnish ample opportunity for negro singing, dancing and lots of negro fun. Not since the days of the original Georgia minstrels has there been anything like the opportunity to enjoy these racial accomplishments in anything like the profusion furnished by the present large company. Neither performances by the opera company headed by

"the Black Patti" nor the more ambitious opera of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, sung here some years ago, were so distinctly racial in quality.

Messrs. Williams and Walker are not newcomers to New York, but their performance in "Bandanna Land" offers a refreshing contrast to some of the more conventional and hackneyed forms of entertainment.

\* \* \*

THE student of the negro race problem might find in the work of these colored people something in the way of suggestion. It is to be feared, however, that the suggestion would be rather discouraging than otherwise. It may be that no serious effort has ever been made or no opportunity ever been offered to negroes to show that, on the stage, they could do anything more important than the singing, dancing and buffoonery which is to-day their specialty. It is true that the general condition of negro education and the inability of negro actors to secure any serious patronage but that of negroes, work against trying out the possibilities of negroes as actors. All experience, though, goes to show that the art of acting, even in its subordinate forms, is not within the negro's powers. Seriousness and serious feeling are not racial characteristics, and without these there can be no power of interpretation. Even with the admixture of white blood—which is sadly noticeable in many of the performers in negro companies—there seems to be no ability to go beyond the usual accomplishments of the race. With all of the large colored population in the Americas, and in the many countries where his race would be no bar to accomplishment on the stage, there is yet to be heard of a negro of pronounced ability as an actor. There has been an occasional negro orator or elocutionist who has gained notice, but even they have been few for the numbers they represent. And yet, seeing the large patronage bestowed on Williams and Walker by the people of their own race and considering the large colored population of New York, we may yet see here a negro theatre conducted for negro audiences.

\* \* \*

THE successful revolt against Mr. Conried and his personal backers in the Metropolitan Opera House is said to have removed, also, any danger of his being made manager of the New Theatre. This is a good thing for that enterprise if it is to be made,

in any respect, a representative American institution. Recent developments also confirm LIFE's statement made a long time ago that, in its inception, the New Theatre enterprise was simply the culmination of a real estate speculation unloaded on a number of rich Americans by filching its ideas from the now extinct National Art Theatre Society.

New blood, and new money perhaps, seem to have been infused into the New Theatre organization, and assurance has been given in the public prints that it will come into actual existence in another two or three years. Its promoters are still chary of making any definite announcements of just what it expects to accomplish or what means it expects to employ. Pessimists predict that not very long after its opening it will pass under the control of the Theatrical Trust, and will, perhaps, be used for vaudeville at popular prices.

LIFE wishes the New Theatre a more glorious career. The legitimate drama in

America is moribund under the present commercial control and in the present condition of popular taste. Artificial means are needed to resuscitate it. Even if that ambition is included in the plans of the New Theatre organization, it remains to be seen whether it will have the financial power or the proper guidance to realize so lofty and admirable a purpose. It would be better that it should not undertake the mission at all than with inadequate means material and artistic.

At all events, the New Theatre is to be congratulated on having escaped from the control of the Conried element.

\* \* \*

IN THE distant future there is a chance for the theatre in America. The Theatrical Trust has no second generation. No sons stand ready to inherit the more or less honorable mantles of Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, Al Hayman, Daniel Frohman, *et al.* If young Americans would go into the theatrical business, learning its not very

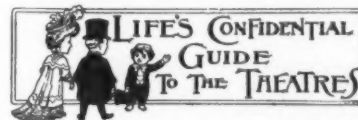
could once be made, it is fair to presume that American brains, pluck and methods could win out in this as well as in any other pursuit. It is a lucrative business, and with changed conditions could be made an agreeable one. It is largely speculative, but no more so than many others in which careful and conservative courses of action insure large returns. It is conducted on practically a cash basis. It gives opportunity for, and to-day sadly needs, education and culture in the make-up of those who engage in it.

It may seem absurd, as things are, to suggest to young Americans of the better class that the theatrical business affords opportunities for a successful and remunerative career, but plucky young Americans have entered less promising fields and won names, fame and fortunes for themselves. If they don't start to learn the business pretty soon, who are to be the theatrical managers of the next generation?

\* \* \*

Some men and women who now sit in the Broadway playhouses could not speak English in 1881.—*The Sun.*

QUITE a number of them couldn't speak anything. *Metcalfe.*



*Academy of Music*—Last week of Mr. Belasco's "Girl of the Golden West." The mining days of early California graphically depicted by Blanche Bates and excellent company.

*Astor*—Irene Wycherley, "by good cast, with Miss Viola Allen as the star. Unusually interesting problem play by Mr. Anthony P. Wharton.

*Belasco*—"The Warrens of Virginia," with Charlotte Walker and good company. Very well staged and interesting war play.

*Bijou*—Mme. Nazimova in "The Comet." Problem play, and not for the young person nor particularly inviting in theme or presentation.

*Casino*—"The Top o' th' World." Amusing extravaganza.

*Criterion*—"Miss Hook of Holland." Musical piece imported from London. Diverting and daintily done.

*Daly's*—Olga Nethersole in repertory. Notice later.

*Empire*—Maude Adams in "The Jesters." Comedy in verse from the French. Lightweight but agreeably done.

*Hackett*—"The Witching Hour." A most interesting play, excellently presented by company headed by Mr. John Mason and Mr. Russ Whytal.

*Herald Square*—"The Girl Behind the Counter." Mr. Lew Fields and good company in musical farce. Good of its kind.

*Hippodrome*—Compound bill including "The Battle of Port Arthur" and ballet, "The Four Seasons." Thrilling and gorgeous.

*Lincoln Square*—"The World Against Her."

*Lyric*—Mr. E. A. Sothorn in "Lord Dundreary." An old impersonation revived without losing any of its laughter-making power.

*Majestic*—Williams and Walker in "Bandanna Land." See opposite.

*Manhattan Opera House*—Grand Opera under the direction of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein.

*Stuyvesant*—Mr. David Warfield and well-chosen cast in Mr. Belasco's "A Grand Army Man." American small-town life faithfully depicted.

*Weber's Music Hall*—"The Merry Widow" in burlesque. Weber fun set to the familiar tunes of Lehar.

*West End*—Dramatic attractions with weekly change of bill.



AT THE WHITE HOUSE

difficult rudiments as they would those of any other business, it might be possible, in reasonable time, to restore the American theatre to American control.

It is easy to understand why, in present conditions, young Americans of reputable bringing up find it undesirable, if not almost impossible, to choose theatrical management as a life calling. But, if the break

### Woman and Weeds

**A**LDERMEN, as a rule, have minds. The nature fakers say they have, and it is pretty much accepted that they really do have minds. But what very curious minds they are! The New York aldermen have passed an ordinance making it a punishable offense for keepers of restaurants and "public places" to allow women to smoke therein. The ordinance stands to witness that these aldermen had minds, since, otherwise, they would have made it punishable for women to smoke in public places instead of making it punishable to let them. The ordinance seems intended less to regulate the habits of women than for the relief of such restaurant keepers as prefer not to have woman smokers in their dining-rooms. It is easier for them to prohibit it when they have something that looks like a law at their backs forbidding them to allow it.

The aldermen's vote may help a little to retard the introduction into New York of a fashion that is prevalent in Europe, where ladies of entire respectability smoke cigarettes, in company and out of it, without prejudice to their reputations. It is a practice that has grown out of the increasing propensity of the richer male and female Europeans to play together. The women, it seems, spend a much larger proportion of their time with the men than they used to in the last generation, and have picked up smoking as a consequence.

The wonder is that women don't smoke more, seeing that men smoke so much. There may be physiological or ethical reasons why the Tobacco Trust should not include women among its customers, but we

don't know what they are. Our women folks do without smoking chiefly because the opinion prevails that smoking is not becoming to them. Very well, but there is this to be said, and it needs saying: Men of the sort who are expected to have manners smoke pretty much everywhere nowadays: at dinner, at bridge, in public restaurants—everywhere, almost, where ladies go, except in church. There has been a great change in manners in this respect in the last fifteen years. If women, conferring the boon of their society on smoking men, are to spend so large a part of their time in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, they ought, in our opinion, to have tobacco privileges themselves. If the men smoke at bridge, let the women smoke, too; and at restaurants, and in carriages when they drive out, and at their own dinner tables. Men like tobacco and they like women's society. There is no reason why they should not have both, if the ladies are agreeable, but it does not belong to manners to indulge oneself in the presence of compulsory restraint. It seems imperfectly generous and, therefore, imperfectly courteous for men to smoke as they do in the company of women unless women can smoke, too. It belongs, in short, to the smoking habits of the gentlemen of the present younger generation that the privilege of smoking should be freely extended to the ladies who play with them. That has happened in Europe. It will happen presently here. The aldermen are wrong. If the restaurant keepers let men smoke as they sit at table with ladies, the ladies should have the same privilege. Otherwise it makes the men seem piggish.



THE COLOR LINE

### More of a Good Thing

**N**OW that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who hates money and loves his fellow men, has founded a Hall of Agony for experiments on live animals, why should not some other philanthropist (!) start a hall for experiments on homeless old men and women?

It might advance "science," and it certainly would amuse the medical students.



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

A PAGE FROM THE CATALOGUE

- NO 22 WOMAN LOOKING AT PARROT
- 23 MAN SITTING DOWN
- 24 A LADY.
- 25 STILL LIFE—COPPER KETTLE AND CABBAGE
- 26 GIRL IN PINK KIMONA
- 27 MISS W— STANDING
- 28 A COSY CORNER
- 29 ARRANGEMENT IN YELLOW AND PRUSSIAN BLUE
- 30 AFTER THE BALL
- 31 AFTER THE BATH
- 32 COW EATING
- 33 STILL LIFE—FISH AND POTATOES





HUSBANDS  
NO. 1.—THE AMERICAN



# AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

## A MARK OF GENIUS

At the recent sale of the superb and priceless Stanford White collection, Miss Elsie DeWolfe, the actress, told a not inappropriate architect story.

"A gentleman stopped an architect on the street," she began. "Good morning, Mr. Blank," the architect said. "Are you thinking of building again?"

"No," said the other. "I stopped you to inquire if you could take my son into your office as an apprentice. With training I think he would some day prove a magnificent architect."

"He has shown some talent, has he?" said the architect, a trifle glumly, for he was disappointed at not getting another contract.

"Talent? Genius, sir; positive genius!"

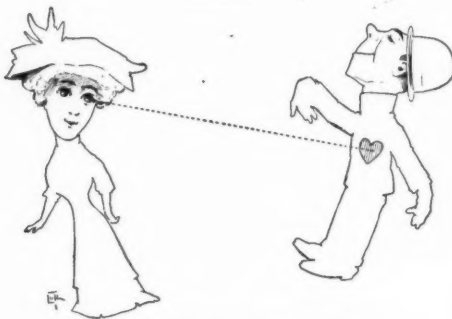
"What's he done?"

"He designed a garden for our Christmas tree."

"Well, what is there remarkable about it?" said the architect, impatiently.

"Why, sir," said the other, "he designed that garden for three dollars, and it cost thirty-seven."—*Washington Star*.

THE Erie is the latest railroad to devise a pension plan for employees. Pensions for disabled stockholders would meet a long-felt want.—*New York World*.



THE FIRST GLANCE FROM THE AFFINITY

## WOMAN EDITOR PROPOSES

*Gets Quick Acceptance to Her Leap Year Card from Man Editor*

DES MOINES, IOWA, Jan. 26.—Miss Elizabeth Sohm, editor of Storm Lake *Vidette*, who failed to get a share of the official county printing, this week published a card reading:

"A constant fight for what rightfully belongs to her is a wear and tear on the nervous system of any woman, and we have come to the belief that, in order to stay in newspaper work and maintain our health, we will have to marry some good printer who can do the fighting and swearing for us. This is leap year, and this may be considered a proposal by any one who would be qualified to fill the vacancy so evident in the *Vidette* office."

When G. A. Craig, the bachelor editor of the *Lytton Star*, saw the article, he stopped his press, made over a form, and in a double-headed card responded as follows:

"We believe we are eligible to fill the vacancy which Miss Sohm feels exists in her print shop. We are a Missouri Democrat of forty years' standing, considered a good printer, and can swear fluently in seven different languages. We agree to accept Miss Sohm's proposal on condition that she will show credentials as to cooking abilities, and express a willingness to darn our socks and mend the gable end of our trousers when needed. As soon as a favorable reply is received we stand ready to close the deal."

Iowa is awaiting the next issue of Miss Sohm's *Vidette* to see if she is "game."—*New York Times*.

## FATE

Said the Vase from Tokio:  
"I'm so costly, as you know,  
That I hope to see myself  
Soon on some collector's shelf,  
Ticketed and marked with care,  
'Do not handle. Very rare!'"

Said the little Urn from Greece:  
"I am no museum piece;  
Yet my figure knocks askew  
Such a twisted thing as you;  
Grace and Beauty, line on line,  
Pave my way to fame divine!"

Said the Jar from Ispahan:  
"Years I boast—a wondrous span;  
And the Bard hath made of me  
Songs for all eternity.  
Cease your chatter, lumps of clay,  
Only I outlive to-day!"

Said the maid, from Dublin hired:  
"Faith, this dustin' makes me tired!  
*Smash*—ye haythin out o' shape!  
*Smash*—ye ugly furrin ape!"  
In the ash heap, hid from sight,  
All the vases lay that night.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

## BATTLE-FIELD LOGIC

Among the men who served with Roosevelt's Rough Riders in Cuba was a little Dutch Jew, who, according to the men in his own troop, was "the very incarnation of cool, impudent bravado in a fight." He was a consistent fatalist.

One day he observed a comrade dodging a spent bullet that had whistled uncomfortably close to him.

"Vat's de use to todge dem pullets?" sang out the little Jew. "Dey'll hit you shust as vell vere you are as vere you ain't!"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

## CHANGED HIS TASTE

The Empress Eugénie, whom Napoleon III chose to share his throne, had a ready wit, which, although it never veiled a snarl, often confused those on whom it was directed. The late Dr. T. W. Evans tells in his reminiscences the story of a distinguished Senator, who, on being asked what he thought of the speech in which Napoleon had declared his marriage intention to the Deputies, replied:

"A fine speech—excellent; but I prefer the sauce to the fish," meaning that Napoleon's words were better than his choosing of a bride.

Some weeks later, at a dinner given at the Tuileries, this Senator was seated next to the Empress, who, observing that after having been helped to the turbot, he declined the sauce, said to him, smiling roguishly:

"Monseieur, I thought it was the sauce you liked, and not the fish."

With rare presence of mind the Senator hesitated but a moment.

"A mistake, madame," he said, "for which I am now trying to make amends."—*Youth's Companion*.

Was there ever a more mordant and sardonic stroke of description than that O'Connell gave of Peel's bloodlessness? "His smile was like the silver plate on a coffin." Less scathing, but less witty, also, was his description of a lady of a similarly repellent temperament: "She had all the characteristics of a poker, except its occasional warmth."—*Argonaut*.

AFTER a flattering allusion to Secretary Taft's services as a member of the Cabinet, Chairman Charles Sprague Smith introduced that gentleman to the big audience at the Cooper Union the other night as, "the Secretary of the Navy!" Mr. Taft good naturedly set the matter right, amid laughter, adding that the incident reminded him of a story told him by the President. Mr. Roosevelt once attended a public meeting in the West, at which the chairman spoke most flatteringly of the speaker he presented. This chairman said: "I take pleasure in introducing to you a man known from California to Maine, from Canada to Mexico, who has known what it is to be on the firing line—who has smelled gunpowder—the Hon. Mr.——" Here the chairman hesitated, embarrassed for a moment, then turning to the guest of the evening, asked: "What is your name, please?"—*Buffalo Commercial*.

## A FULL MAN

My brain is a chaos of junk,  
My thoughts are in fragments and shreds,  
I'm lost in a fog of blue funk,  
My dreams come in tatters and threads,  
I'm given to visions and frights,  
My darkness is peopled with spooks,  
I'm wakeful and nervous o' nights—  
I've read all the Season's new books.

I haven't a single sane thought,  
I'm all in a ferment and fret,  
You may think I'm mad, but I'm not;  
Perhaps 'twill be soon, but not yet;  
I've sobbed with ten sweetheart's a day,  
Sought treasures in long-hidden nooks,  
Looked on many a gory affray—  
I've read all the Season's new books.

I've traveled from circle to pole,  
I've ridden with ladies and knights,  
I've witnessed the wreck of a soul  
And mixed in uncountable fights;  
I've struggled with problems so vast  
I'm dizzy with turns, twists, and crooks,  
My reason is failing me fast—  
I've read all the Season's new books.

My mind is a victim forlorn  
Of hook indigestion acute,  
With helmeted squires I've sworn  
And stormed feudal castles to boot,  
I've run the whole gamut and scale  
Including Odsblood and Gadzooks,  
My reason's beginning to fail—  
I've read all the Season's new books.

Blue, yellow, green, purple, and gold,  
I've turned back the covers and read,  
I've felt my heart grow icy cold,  
And fever grow hot in my head;  
Oh, grant me asylum, repose,  
Where are no editions de luxe,  
My cup of confusion o'erflows—  
I've read all the Season's new books.

—*New York Times*.

ALL the friends of LIFE will rejoice to see ample evidence of the success of a journal which has done so much to puncture shams and expose hypocrisy, while at the same time adding to the gaiety of its readers by much genuine fun.—*San Francisco Chronicle, Editorial Department*.

## COLORS EVIDENCE

Evidence that has been tampered with is known as colored evidence, says a writer in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and is like the lady's report of her physician's prescription.

After making a careful examination, the physician said: "Madam, you are only a little run down. You need frequent baths and plenty of fresh air, and I advise you to dress in the coolest, most comfortable clothes; nothing stiff or formal."

When she got home her husband asked her what the physician had said. She replied:

"He said I must go to the seashore, do plenty of automobiling, and get some new summer gowns"

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### Catching the Fine Points

"IN ORDER to clearly understand proceedings in Congress, would you advise me to study some such writer as Cushing or Roberts?"

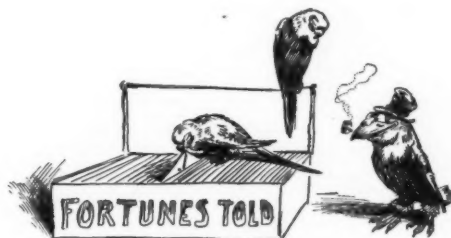
"No," answered the new member. "Study the Marquis of Queensberry."—*Washington Star*.

SHE: Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture.

HER HUSBAND: Oh! I thought from the value it was a hat.—*Town and Country*.

In 1920

HUBBY: This pie, my love, is just the kind that mother used to buy at her bakery.—*Leslie's Weekly*.



A MATERIALIST

"CAN YOU PICK ME OUT ONE WITH BIRD-SEED IN IT?"

### The Unfortunate Fact

"IT JUST occurs to me that I have not a cent of money with me!"

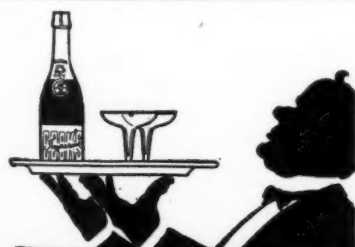
"Oh, that does not matter. You are known here."

"Yes, unfortunately!"—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from *Fliegende Blätter*.

NIBBS—Do you suppose it's ever possible to come anywhere near the size of a man's income?

DIGGS: Yes; just take the figure he gives to the assessor; add it to the figure he tells his friends, and then divide the result by two, and you'll have it near enough.—*Illustrated Bits*.

To break in new shoes, always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, then patent leather can't crack.



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*Imperial*  
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### EXPRESSING A THORAX

Dr. Leopold Jaches, of Cornell's medical school, recently returned from a study of the use of the Roentgen rays abroad. Pausing in an account of his tour, Dr. Jaches said:

"Abroad, as here at home, the great public's knowledge of the rays continues rather vague. Investigators receive all manner of queer letters and requests. Thus I heard in Berlin of a man who wrote to a specialist:

"Dear Sir—I have had a bullet in my thorax for eleven years. I am too busy to come to Berlin, but hope you will come down here with your rays, as my case should be worth your while. If you cannot come, send a packet of rays, with instructions as to use, etc., and I will see if I cannot manage to work them myself."

"The specialist replied:

"Dear Sir—I am sorry that my engagements prevent my coming to see you, and that I am out of rays just now. If you cannot come to Berlin yourself, send me your thorax by express, and I will do the best I can with it."—*Washington Star*.

The Trans-Siberian train de luxe is a new thing in Round the World Tours. Send for brochure of exclusive party.

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### THE DEMONSTRATIN' CAR

This story may not be true; the downtown motor car dealer on whom it is laid denies it—but a certain poignancy still remains.

The dealer got out of his car at Eighth and Main streets Friday morning to buy a toy motor car from a hawker who has a stand under the viaduct.

"I'll take that car," said the dealer, pointing at a toy which was spinning around on the table.

The hawker reached in his sack and drew out another.

"That one ain't for sale," he said, grinning. "It's my demonstratin' car."

It is related that after that the hawker and the motor-car dealer cordially shook hands—but no sale was made.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

### INCIPIENT KNOWLEDGE

That the royal road to learning is full of strange pitfalls is shown by some of the definitions and statements given by school children—some of whom are well along the way. The following are bona fide samples coming under the knowledge of one teacher:

About this time Columbus was cursing around among the West Indies.

Jackson's campaign in the Valley was the greatest piece of millinery work ever known.

The Valkyrie were the Choosers of the Slain; and the Valhalla the Haulers of the Slain.

The eldest son of the King of France is called the Dolphin.

The Duke of Clarence, according to his usual custom, was killed in battle.

Heathen are paragons (pagans) that wash up idle things.

The Indians call their women squabs.—*Harper's Weekly*.

If it's a perfectly appointed card table it's a "Rad-Bridge" Score.

### NEARING THE END

Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well-known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

"A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After awhile he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the old man answered. 'I don't know exactly.'

"I'll stay then," decided the stranger. 'He must be nearly done.'—*Everybody's Magazine*.

THE young author was in a quandary. "Would you," inquired he, "have your hero tear down the street or tear up the street?"

"That depends. Is your hero a sprinter or a paving contractor?"—*Courier-Journal*.

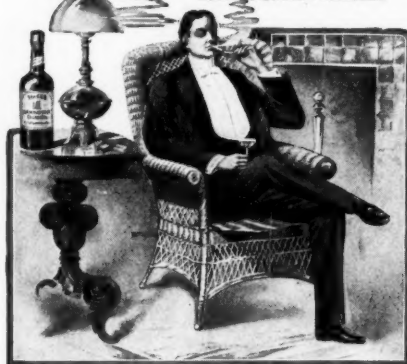
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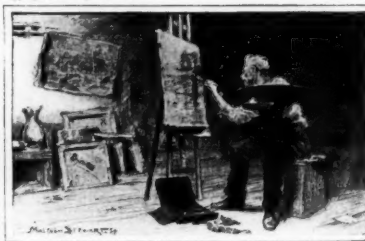
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A special photogravure reproduction of this drawing, 12 by 8 inches in size, on plate paper, 22 by 18 inches, will be sent on receipt of \$5 for a yearly subscription to LIFE. This offer closes March 1st, 1908.

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## The Literary Zoo

### Salutation

ALL hail to LIFE,  
The merry wight,  
Who holds our frailties  
To the light.

Good cheer to him,  
The chubby kid—  
Also to those  
Behind him hid!

Jan. 13, 1908.

F. N. B.

### Mr. Wister Booms Scholarship

THE colleges, big and little, yearn to bring it about that there shall be more local excitement and exultation over achievements of scholarship. At a recent distribution of scholarships at Harvard Mr. Owen Wister, the accomplished writer, addressed the scholars and told them that in all the colleges and universities of the United States there was not a single teaching scholar who was the world's highest authority in his branch of learning. He urged the young Harvard grinds to get a move on, fall harder on the ball, and try to get a world's record in something.

Our scholars, he thought, do not get help enough. Our Government does not nourish learning as the German Government does, but he does not mind that, because it is not our Government's business. He grieves more that none of our magazines will print our scholars' learned pieces, and we agree with him that that is rough, and that a "country where the best fruits of pure intellect go begging in the market is not a country of complete prosperity." But he did not blame the magazines. These, too, he found to be dwarfed by the American intellectual climate, and he thought they set forth the best fruits that the present intellectual digestion of American readers are competent to assimilate.

Mr. Wister admitted that though none of our university teachers held a world's record, the group is strong, and includes many individuals of high distinction and usefulness. He wants to see more money spent in sending likely men after those world's records; also to have the atmosphere for scholars warmed up and made less bleak; also to see the "independent and convivial sons of fortune mingle with the frequenters of the lamp."

May all these hopes and high wishes come true! Common cultivated, civilized Americans who know even a little, and can read fairly good books, are altogether too scarce in our population, let alone record scholars.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE has become almost a necessity to me.—Mrs. H. E. Sadler, Sedan, Kansas.



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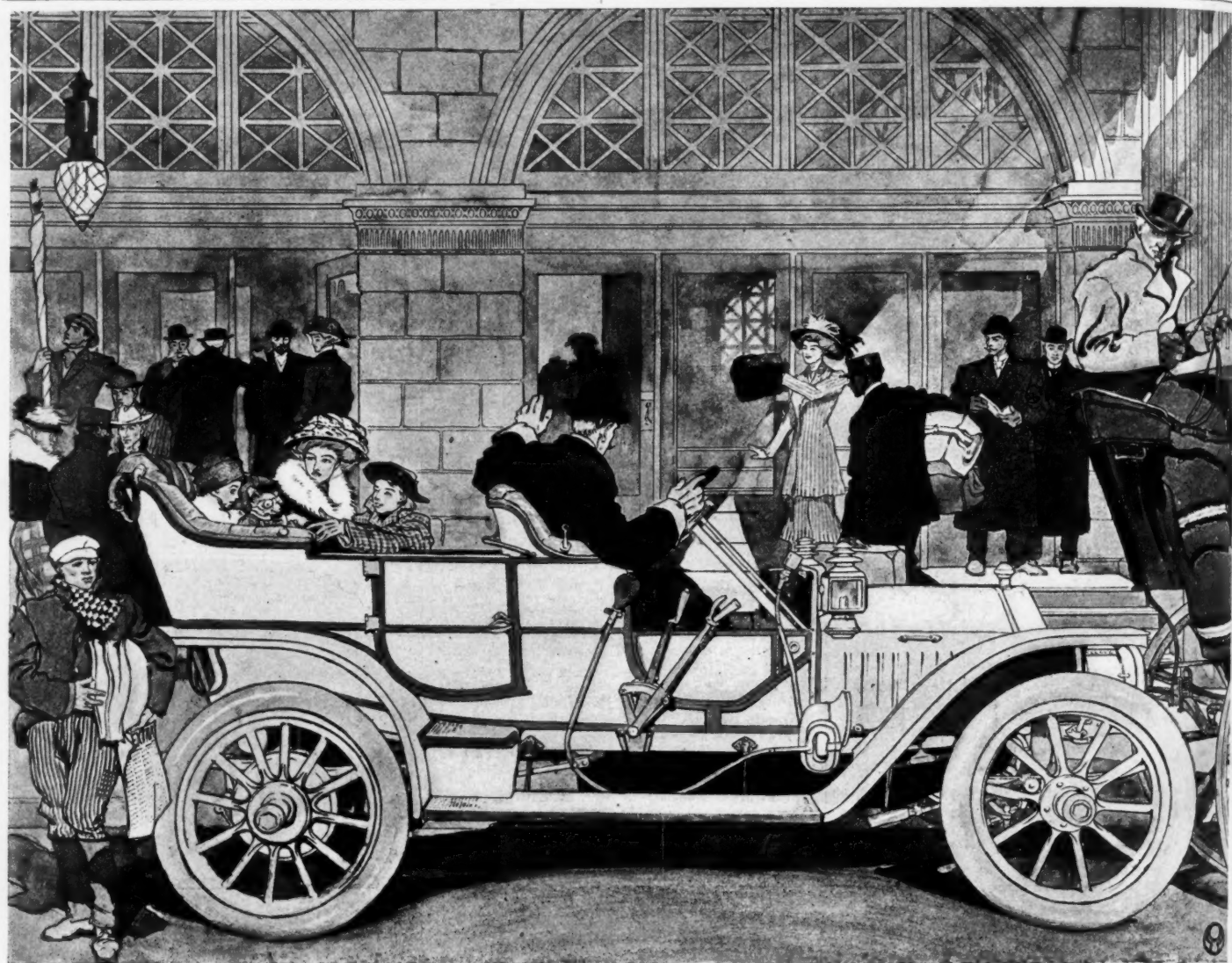


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